Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſweare perfect loue.
Riu. And I, as I loue Haſtings with my heart.
Kin. Madame, your ſelfe are not exempt in this,
Nor your ſonne Dorſet, Buckingham, nor you,
You haue been factious one againſt the other:
Wife, loue Lord Haſtings, let him kiſſe your hand,
And what you doe, do it vnfainedly.
Qu. Here Haſtings, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, ſo thriue I and mine.
Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here proteſt,
Vpon my part ſhall be vnuiolable.
Ha. And ſo ſweare I my Lord.
Kin. Now princely Buckingham ſeale thou this league,
With thy embracement to my wiues allies,
And make me happie in your vnitie.
Buc. When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cheriſh you and yours, God puniſh me
With hate, in thoſe where I expect moſt loue,
When I haue moſt need to imploy a friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me. This doe I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
Kin. A pleaſing cordiall princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vowe vnto my ſickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Gloſter here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Gloceſter.

Buc. And in good time here comes the noble Duke,
Glo. Good morrow to my ſoueraigne King and Queene,
And princely peeres, a happie time of day.
Kin. Happie indeed, as we haue ſpent the day.
Brother we haue done deedes of charitie:
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate,
Betweene theſe ſwelling wrong incenſed Peeres.
Glo. A bleſſed labour moſt ſoueraigne liege,
Amongſt this princely heape, if any here
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmiſe,

Hold

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
Tis death to me to be at enmitie.
I hate it, and deſire all good mens loue.
Firſt Madame, I intreate peace of you,
Which I purchaſe with my dutious ſeruice,
Of you my noble couſen Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lod'gd betwdene vs.
Of you my Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray of you,
That all without deſert haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all:
I do not know that Engliſh man aliue,
With whome my ſoule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humilitie.
Qu. A holy day ſhall this be kept hereafter,
I would to God all ſtrifes were well compounded,
My ſoueraigne liege I do beſeech you Maieſtie
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.
Glo. Why Madame, haue I offred loue for this,
To be thus ſcornde in this royall preſence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?
You doe him iniurie to ſcorne his coarſe.
Ri. Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?
Qu. All ſeeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buc. Looke I ſo pale Lord Dorſet as the reſt?
Dor I my good Lord, and no one in this preſence,
But his red colour hath forſooke his cheekes.
Kin. Is Clarence dead? the order was reuerſt,
Glo. But he (poore ſoule) by your firſt order dide,
And that a winged Mercury did beare,
Some tardie cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lagge to ſee him buried:
God graunt that ſome leſſe noble, and leſſe loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood:
Deſerue not worſe then wretched Clarence did,
And yet goe currant from ſuſpition.

Enter Darbie

Dar.